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MISERERE MEI!

How brightly in the eastern skies
The rising moon is beaming!
How over forest, meadows, lake,
Her silver light is streaming!

At sight of thee, O, lovely moon,
My heart flows o'er with gladness,
And in my breast those rills of joy
Wash out all dregs of sadness.

But hark! but hark! Whence come those strains
So sorrowful and solemn?
'T rings "miserere mei," ah!
So sorrowful, so solemn.

It tells me that in fiercer flames
Than those which don in brightness
Thy gloomy figure, moon, poor souls
Are cleansed to heav'nly whiteness.

That, whilst within thy mellow light
I bask and drink in pleasure,
They ever suffer, thirst, and sigh,—
Sigh for their greatest Treasure.

Ah! once that doleful song will ring,—
By me 'tis heard no longer,
For on the battlefield of life
Death has become the stronger.

May then that pure majestic peace
That in my bosom reigneth.
Be happiness in Heaven's realms,
A joy that naught restrianeth.

ALEXIUS A. SCHUETTE, '03.

SELF CULTURE.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

A healthy body, a clean heart, a strong mind, are richer possessions than noble lineage and ancestral wealth.

From all eternity there has existed a Being who is one, true, and good, who possesses all attributes in perfection; He is self-sufficient, He is eternally happy in himself alone. In time, however, and out of his infinite goodness, He created, made out of nothing, the universe, including our earth. That earth He beautified, with seas, rivers, and mountains; herbs, flowers and trees; fish, beasts and birds;—all creatures of his own omnipotent hand. One spot He made more beautiful than the rest of the globe, one creature He raised infinitely higher than all other creatures, making it the crown and glory of the universe. That spot was Paradise, that creature was man,—a molded piece of clay, but vitalized by the touch and breath of God himself. Physically he was an animal, spiritually he was endowed with memory, understanding and free will. His various powers and faculties existed in harmony. He was healthy and muscular, his knowledge was intuitive, his every act was one of divine love and adoration. He was perfect physically, mentally, and spiritually,—and that without effort. He loved truth, beauty, and goodness, and this love was fostered by frequent and familiar intercourse with the Eternal Truth Himself.

God, however, in his infinite wisdom, saw fit to try this creature—to try his faith, love, and gratitude. Alas! We all know only too well how man stood the test. Pride and disobedience, sins most hateful to God, wrecked his moral nature: and then followed mental and physical decay. His body became food for disease and worms, feebleness and ignorance undermined his intellect, moral weakness and inclination to evil cankered his soul. Man was a physical, intellectual, and moral wreck. He lay far down in the dark depths of misery and despair, panting and shattered. There we, the descendants of Adam, would all be yet had not the divine promise of the Nativity, the Crucifixion, the Resurrection, instilled new faith, new hope, new love, and contrition into the heart of man. He gathered together the remnants of his once beautiful self, he struck forward hopefully and courageously for the goal of his former perfection. Before him he beheld the way covered and obstructed by thorns and thistles, disease and death, and still farther on he saw the lurid flames of purgatory. But his face brightened, his heart quickened with hope as he saw farther in the distance the second Adam. With Him for an ideal he started to travel the road to perfection.

For hundreds of years, my friends, we have been traveling this road, and with what progress? That depends, not on the number of years, but on the manner we have traveled; not on the race in general, but on individuals and on individual effort. Man in the beginning was perfect and happy without effort. We may become so only by

the most strenuous, persistent, and prayerful labor. This constant labor to reach our ideal, which for the Catholic youth is Christ himself, I call Self-Culture.

“The ideal of culture” says Bishop Spalding, “embraces the whole man, physical, religious and intellectual.” Self-Culture, therefore, to deserve the term, must include the training of the physical powers. They are the gift of God no less than our mental and spiritual powers. He intended that we should perfect the body in harmony with the soul and intellect. The body is a means to an end, is an instrument given to us whereby we may attain to everlasting beatitude. No sculptor, however skillful, can do his best work with a dull, cumbersome chisel. His tools must have temper, keenness, and lightness. So with the body which is the slave, the instrument of the mind and soul. It must be agile, healthy, absolutely under control and above all it must have endurance. Muscular it need not be, but exuberant health is indispensable. These requisites are developed by care and culture only.

Physical culture has its greatest value from the fact that it demands of the body rigid and absolute temperance in all its appetites. Sensual indulgence or passion of any kind, in the words of a well-known writer, “diminishes spiritual insight, perverts reason, deadens love, enfeebles the physical man, and weakens the will and organs of sense, which are the avenues of the soul.” We should make our bodies strong, clean, and healthy, that our senses may report truly and accurately

the bits of truth and wisdom, which surround us like soft-falling snow-flakes, and which serve to elevate our minds and excite our souls to acts of faith, hope, and love. "The higher self is developed harmoniously only when it springs from a healthful body." Hence, physical culture, while not the most important, is at least the primary step in true self-culture. Muscular activity, great nervous energy, sound digestion, and rich, freely-circulating blood, make possible enthusiastic workers, great and deep thinkers, make valiant, capable and labor-loving men.

The second step in self-culture is mental culture. Here we experience greater and almost insurmountable difficulties. The mind is the finest and most exquisite of tools, and years of patient, persevering and intelligent effort are required to train and cultivate it. But why this intense labor for mental perfection? Because innate in every man is an insatiable desire and longing for truth. Body and mind are the means whereby he attains to truth, and the more culture bestowed upon them the easier and quicker will man perceive the truth in all existing things. Herein lies man's happiness. The brute is happy in sensual indulgence; man is joyful and happy in the knowledge and possession of truth. This is the real intellectual life of which Descartes is a noble example. He said that he considered himself a thinking being only, and that he gave all his thought to the cultivation of his higher faculties, in the hope that he might finally discover some truth which would bring blessings to men.

Now we ask, what is necessary in order to cultivate a love and habit of intellectual activity, and acquire insight into the truth of all things? We must observe, read, think, and write. All great men from the genius of a Shakespeare down to the intellectual lights of our own day were close and true observers. Observation is the source and stimulus of all mental activity. Observe men, their thoughts, expression, habits, manners and dress. Step out into nature's vast storehouse of bound-up truths and observe everything from the sun, the moon, the stars, down to the gnarled and mighty oak, the velvet pansy, aye, the most uninteresting little pebble. Look at these things intently and thoughtfully. Practice will bring insight; God has truths hidden in every slender stalk, beneath every little pebble, beneath every fallen leaf. As a feline animal, with every nerve and every muscle on the alert and under perfect control, with eyes like electric sparks, watches silently and patiently the hiding-place of its prey, so the seeker of truth should scrutinize the most minute object in nature for the truth which it holds imprisoned.

The student of mental-culture must also read—read much and properly. No superficial glance at a work of genius—and only such should be read—will train or improve the mind. The lover of intellectual growth reads only the best books; and what was written with intense labor must be read with intense labor, else the best thoughts will never be our prize. Read slowly, critically, thoughtfully; compare, analyze, and weigh what

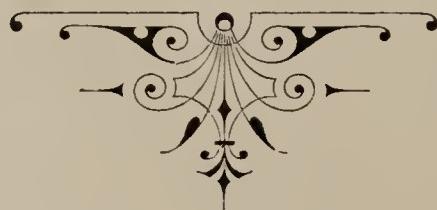
you read. Read only what you like. If you are a student of true culture you will like what impresses, teaches, and elevates you. If you have a poor taste, you will soon come to choose your books critically and with good judgment. Find a book that you love with your whole being, that speaks new thoughts to you incessantly, that widens and expands your mental faculties, that you read repeatedly and with new pleasure each time. By this method we come to read truly and with profit.

Having observed and read, you must now write. Write—not for publication, not for human praise, but write that you may express the truth that lies in you, that you may bear witness to your own soul of the truth and wisdom that God has revealed to you. Besides, habitual, daily writing gives practice in the fluency and accuracy necessary to cultivated minds. What impression does a precious gem make, without a gold setting? So likewise, what impression does a beautiful and wholesome truth make, if clumsily and inaccurately expressed? Heed this bit of advice by Bishop Spalding: "As the painter takes pallet and brush, the musician his instrument, each to perfect himself in his art, so he who desires to learn how to think, should take his pen, and day by day write something of the truth and love, the hope and faith, which make him a living man."

Finally we come to moral or religious culture. If the student so far has undertaken and continued his physical and mental culture with faith, hope, and love, and in a spirit of obedience and resigna-

tion to the will of his Creator, then his third step in self-culture has really been his first, since he has all along from the very beginning been training and cultivating his religious nature. The object of all physical and mental culture is the attainment of truth, and the essence of all truth is the Eternal Truth. Therefore a right physical life, a right intellectual growth, which have for their object the knowledge of truth, lead the soul to God himself. There we sigh with relief, and rest in a joy, peace, and happiness of such intensity that our every nerve and sense tingle with delight; and divine charity, so expands our soul, that it almost leaps from its mortal prison to take a beautiful flight to the bosom of the Eternal Essence.

WILLIAM R. ARNOLD, '02.



THE ROSARY.

The flowers fade at Autumn's breath;
Still I present my Queen a wreath
 Of flowers red and white.
The one's aglow with sacred love,
 The others lily-bright.

They are a chain of purest gold,
Of length and strength a hundredfold.
 To Purgatory's fire
I let it down full many a time,—
 Draw souls to Jesus nigher.

They are the Christian's ornament.
They make my heart free and content,
 Glad in adversity:
Though friendless I traverse the world—
 My beads are still with me.

How often, when ill Fortune burned
Deep scars upon my soul, returned
 With ev'ry bead new strength!
Oft, when through trembling fingers moved
 The pearls, Peace came at length.

Yea, ev'ry "Ave" hath its charm,
And ev'ry myst'ry gives alarm,
 And wakes the dormant heart.
I'm full of joy; for from my beads
 I never would depart.

Ye know my griefs and sorrows well,
Ye sacred beads: ye never tell
 What I have said to you:
And every day I tell you more
 Of troubles, old and new.

XAVIER J. JAEGER, '03

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THE VENGEANCE OF PASSION.

Our dangers and delights are near allies,
From the same stem the rose and prickle rise. Aleyn.

The evening sun was slowly sinking beyond the horizon. Its golden beams still gilded the tops of houses and of mountains and were playing merrily in the stately crowns of the pine and oak. Beneath the branches of the forest, where darkness was falling thicker and thicker, a young man of powerful frame, shouldering an ax, was plodding his way homeward. He sometimes stared blankly into the skies, then stood and gazed moodily before himself, making frantic gesticulations and ever and anon emitting a hollow, meaningless laughter. His gait was irregular; in short, his demeanor bespoke a man whose brain must at least be somewhat impaired. Sometimes, however, his bearing was dignified and commanding, indicating that a noble character lay buried beneath the ruins of a shattered brain.

Alphonsus, this was his name, was a homeless youth. Only one brother was still alive, who was like himself, employed in the services of Miss Catharine Gerhaldy, a rich, but proud and peevish, lady. As Alphonsus approached the precincts of her house, a lap-dog chanced to jump from one of the lower windows of the building, who immediately began to bound towards him, as Alphonsus fancied, like a lion on his prey, and seemed obstinately determined to bark his throatsore. Alphon-

sus was nearly dumbfounded at seeing so petty a creature dispute the passage of so powerful a being like himself. Whilst pondering over the possibility of such audacity, he suddenly felt himself inspired that he was destined to punish this outrageous insult.

He instantly swung his ax, but when about to hurl it down upon his victim, his noble sentiments induced him to commute the punishment, and give him but a "slight tip," trusting it would suffice to convert the culprit. He was not mistaken, for the dog took a most profound tumble and implored his mercy in the most shrieking terms. This pleased Alphonsus at first, but when *Canis*, such was the dog's name, never ceased prostrating himself in the dust and begging pardon for his crime, his good heart flowed over with pity and he intimated to him that he was now satisfied and willing to forget the past. But the dog never ceased shrieking till the frowning countenance of Catharine appeared at the window. A piercing shriek rang from her lips, her face grew pale, and she at once suspected the perpetrator of the deed. She scolded, hallooed, shrieked, until the uproar attracted several servants to the place. Scarcely, however, had they appeared on the scene, when she ordered them to seize our unhappy Alphonsus, and inflict upon him fifty lashes as punishment. The punishment, moreover, should be repeated daily for two weeks.

The order was fulfilled with cruel joy. With every lash the good spirits of Alphonsus sank lower and lower; he sighed for pity, but the hearts

of his hearers were as stone. Alas! his reason, of which some symptoms at least had still remained, dwindled slowly away, and finally, lost in a gulf of gloominess, it disappeared.

Stephen's apartment adjoined the place where the inhuman treatment of his brother had taken place, but it was separated from the main building. From a window he had witnessed the entire scene. Now his blood rushed fiercely through his veins, and a feeling of rage mingled with pity carried him down the flight of stairs to his brother's side. His voice trembled, the words almost choked in his throat, as he thus accosted Catharine: "Thou cruel, ignominious woman! The devil could not act more devilish! —Thus to maltreat my brother! Woe, woman! woe to thee!" and a tear trickled down his cheeks. "That act will be avenged!" "Stubborn slave!" cried Catharine, "Such speech thou ruest! —Thy brother shall receive a double number of lashes daily, and thou the same punishment! Seize him!" The barbarous slaves were only too eager to execute such mandates. Alphonsus was soon again in their hands. Suddenly, however, the voice of Stephen broke in upon their fiendish merriment. "Injure one hair, villains, and death to every one of you." A loud cry and an instant dispersing followed, for Stephen's revolver was pointed towards them; yet, not a second intervened and it was leveled on Catharine: "Recall that order, cruel woman," cried Stephen, "Never slave!" was the decisive answer. "Then die!" —The words were scarcely uttered when the report of the revolver reverberated angrily amidst

that cluster of houses. But far louder was the quavering cry of Catharine. "Yes, yes—oh! yes!" The smoke blew away, and a coarse, contemptuous laughter resounded within the building, informing Stephen that his victim had escaped unhurt.

This chagrined him, indeed, yet with a dignified step and a bearing that overawed even those feelingless rogues, he clasped Alphonsus, who lay unconscious on the ground, in his arms and carried him to his chamber. There he laid him upon a bed and soon beheld him in quiet slumber. Stephen seated himself beside his bed. Long he gazed upon him; a tear glistened in his eyes as he beheld the innocent youth, unconscious of his misfortunes. But, soon gloomy thoughts crowded upon his mind. He knew that Catharine's ire had not abated; for a short time only had its course been arrested. He dreaded the consequences of that woman's passions. Most contrary feelings battled in his soul as he contemplated them through the mists of the future. Suddenly his face grew dark and convulsive; he rose and with a quivering hand took a stiletto from a shelf, muttering silently these words: "Catharine! Mark well the message that I will bring thee, perhaps it is thy last." He then descended the stairs and came out into the cold, starry night. Nature lay in listless repose. How pleasant it appeared, yet it charmed him not. His heart was dark and sullen.

He entered the main building. Slowly he advanced through the dark and dreadfully quiet corridor; slowly and timorously he ascended the stairs that led to Catharine's sleeping-chamber.

Every groaning of the stair-case, nay, the very noise of his foot-steps appalled him as they resounded through the gloomy hallway. Suddenly his knife dropped out of his pocket. The clattering noise that it created chilled the very vehemence of his passion, and he cringed in fear against the balustrade. Thus, under constant fright and apprehension, he arrived at his mistress' apartment.

Silently the door was opened; he trembled in every limb as he entered the room. Reclining in a chair, Catharine lay in deep slumber. Her pale face betrayed the emotions that rankled in her bosom. But look, those pallid lips, they move. "Slave! —Dare strike again, scoundrel!— Silence, I am thy mistress, slave." "Silence", said Stephen, "ha! can anyone see thy cruelties and yet be silent?" He made one firm step and simultaneously one firm grasp upon the shoulders of Catharine and two pair of eyes flashed upon one another. Catharine's teeth chattered, her emaciated form crouched beneath the iron grasp of Stephen. "What wilt thou?" she queried, in a feeble voice. "Not to banter words," groaned Stephen. "I will be assured that mine and my brother's punishment are remitted." With an expression of stupid pride and contempt that skeleton of a woman then erected itself to its full height, and shrieked, "Slave! scoundrel! Dost thou dare to command thy mistress? Ha! Then reap the fruit of keeping thy haughty impertinence! For thy idiotic brother my heart is cold! Whipping is the only means of subjecting such a brute. Depart!"

I will hear none of thy prattle!" "Depart", murmured Stephen slowly. "No, miserable woman, never! Since thou hast not sufficient virtue to curb thy passions, let passion avenge passion!" —A stiletto flashes, whizzes through the air—is buried in the heart of its victim.— Then follows a short, sharp shriek, dying groans,—and two contorted, sightless eyes stare into the face of Stephen. Steadily he viewed the bloody corpse, —when suddenly a sweet, heavenly voice broke in upon the terrifying stillness. Stephen involuntarily turned towards the direction from which it proceeded, and there beheld his brother in the silver moonlight, roaming in a meadow. Stephen listened profoundly to his song:—

"When the Queen of night is wand'ring

'Neath that azure vault above,

When the stars are flick'ring brightly

All proclaiming Heaven's love;—

Ah! then joy thrills all my being,

Happiness reigns in my breast,

For beyond that sparkling welkin

Dwelleth He of fathers best.

Rapt in blissful contemplation,

Shrouded in eternal light,

On His flaming throne adoring

Him, my parents bless his sight.

Gently, gently, gently, wafted

They descend in noiseless flight,

And their glorious heav'nly halo

Me surrounds in woeful plight.

But at father's soft embracing

All my grief is changed to joy;

On the brow a mother's kiss

Breath heav'nly peace without alloy.

Stay sweet spirits, stay beside me
Peace of Heaven, remain, remain;
Till with them I rest forever
Safe, oh! safe, in God's domain."

As these mellow strains resounded through the deep and quiet night, the color of Stephen's face changed visibly. It wore a lurid pallor, dark despair played upon his countenance. "Ah, happy brother!" sighed Stephen, "for thee I must be unhappy! Thrice happy parents in eternal bliss, doomed is your son, forever doomed." His sight grew dim, and dim, and dimmer; he trembled, trembled, trembled, till he fell beneath his overwhelming burden. A quarter of an hour elapsed and his eyes reopened, but they rolled in their sockets at beholding the bloody corpse, the pallid face, and glassy eyes of Catharine. Stephen shrieked in despair, quickly flung his cloak about his head and fled from the horrid scene. But that deadly pale face pursued him everywhere; he fled and fled, but it remained a fearful companion. Suddenly his path was obstructed by the river that flowed through the environments of his mistress' dwelling. He stood and stared, when lo!—he beheld his brother. The head supported on his right arm, he sat sleeping at the very brim of the water. One accidental slip—and he would sink into the stream. Stephen determined to save him. Noiselessly he approached. Indeed, he was about to fling his arms around his brother's breast, when the latter awoke, was terrified at the unexpected sight, and, while endeavoring to escape his brother's touch, tumbled into the turbulent flood.

Stephen uttered a cry of dismay, but instantly plunged after him, grasped his brother around the waist and struggled toward the bank. Taking hold of a hard clod of clay, he thus endeavored to gain the land, but the clod broke; then he reached for a shrub, it too gave way at such a heavy weight. Finally, in an effort of despair, he seized the branch of a tree that extended over the water. He clasped his brother with a firmer grasp and was already happy in the thought of success, when the ice-cold water benumbed his senses and both sank back into the stream.

Clasped in each others arms, the two brothers floated along till the bony form of death bore them away to the unknown regions of eternity.

ALEXIUS A. SHUETTE, '03.

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AUTUMN-LEAVES.

One by one the leaves are dropping
From the trees in Autumn's reign,
One by one the flowers wither—
Summer's pomps are few and vain.

One by one the joys are fleeing
From thy grasp, ambitious man!
Drop by drop the nectar floweth
From the cup of gracious Pan.

One by one thy days are melting,
Man, Eternity is nigh!
Spring's and Summer's charms have vanished,
Autumn, too, will quickly fly.

One by one the stars are peeping
Through the wint'ry firmament:
One by one the hopes are rising
When life's curtain once is rent.

AN IMMORTAL ODE.

THROUGHOUT the progress of terrestrial sojourn we find nothing that is a greater source of pleasure to us than the enjoyment of the beautiful. Art, science, and nature can only then please the imagination when they possess at least some beautiful traits or characteristics. We may seek among the productions of art and science no better example where beauty so largely enters as in poetry. Poe even defines poetry as the rythmical creation of beauty. Poetry alone by its beautiful conceptions transports the heart to realms of happiness, and causes it to wander amid the refreshing bowers of sweet content. This beautiful creation, by the genius of man, is divided into different varieties. Among these varieties we find Lyric poetry to assume one of the foremost ranks. Its pre-eminence is chiefly owing to its lofty sentiments, its harmonious flow, its emotion, its pathos, and its attractiveness, all of which are agreeable to the sensitive feelings of man. It alone stands out as a soothing balm giving joy and happiness to all who would court its charms. We do not, however, by this insinuate that the other classes of poetry possess no charms. True it is, that they contain certain charms, and even some are more elevating and more majestic, still none can be as universally agreeable as the Lyric. The smooth flow and harmonious sounds constitute the most important factors of Lyric

poetry. When we are sad at heart it is but sufficient to turn to its cheerful and merry sounds which at once revive our drooping spirit and cause it to forget all its afflictions.

Since Lyric poetry affords such an immense degree of pleasure, we certainly are able to present at least one of its productions in order to judge its worth and standard. Within this extensive field we seek for one that will fully answer all the requirements demanded. Among these various productions of Lyrical compositions we shall present a specimen of the loftiest strains, a specimen of unexcelled harmony, which in our estimation approaches nearest to the true ideal. The poet, whose wonderful genius has penned these ever matchless verses is no other than that brilliant versifier, John Dryden. It must have been on an occasion when his heart was filled with uncontrollable emotions, that he wrote the noblest Lyric in the English language. It is hardly necessary for us to mention this priceless gem of poetry. To avoid, however, all errors, we deem it proper to state its name. It is no other than that great masterpiece, "Ode to St. Cecilia"; or, commonly called "Alexander's Feast". We shall now briefly attempt to discover some of the beauties contained therein. We shall essay to follow its stately and solemn march through its princely domains until we reach the confines of its greatness.

As we step within its precincts we are at once struck by its enchanting tones, which already in the beginning reverberate like the sweet

song of the nightingale. Alexander, that mighty conqueror of old, is sitting on his throne. The royal hall is decorated with the trophies of victory, and the productions of art. Around the mighty victor are gathered his faithful and brave leaders, who have so well seconded his efforts, that Persia now stands at the height of its power and glory. Yet the scene would be far less magnificent and grand were it not for the beautiful features of Thais, the Bride of Alexander. She, beaming with the radiance of youth and beauty, sits amid the royal pageantry by him whose heart beats in unison with hers. In an ecstasy of joy we hear the poet exclaim:—

“Happy, happy, happy, pair !
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserve the fair.”

When we have entered amid the gorgeous pomp of that serene palace, a stately object meets our gaze. High aloft in the midst of a musical choir we see that ever memorable feature of Timotheus. A master of masters whose accomplished hand keeps Alexander's court spell-bound. His sublime music controls the assembly, and by it he rules and guides their passions. On his sweet tuning lyre he plays, and in a clear and sonorous voice he sings of the gods, their triumphal march, and their glorious achievements. In stirring airs he sings of the glory of arms and the result of valor. We at once perceive the surprising effect these sounds have upon the king. His fury rises, his cheeks are glowing; his battles return to his

memory; he defies Heaven and earth. Timotheus seeing him thus aroused, resolves to check his pride, and for this reason he chooses the mournful strains of pity and compassion for the ill-fated Darius. Can man stand unmoved when he beholds before him in the most vivid picture the sufferings of his fellow-mortal? Alexander, though firm and inflexible, still is moved at beholding the fate of one once so powerful. No longer can he control his anguish, but the tears of pain gently trickle down his royal cheeks.

“Resolving in his altered soul
The various turns of chance below:
And now and then a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.”

When fury and grief have played their part, the master turns to love, that mighty ruler of the hearts of men. Love, that gentle cupid, who lulls by his sweet melodies the mortal heart, now trips forward to do his bidding. Let us now repeat those ever charming lines describing the dazzling beauty of Thais, the bride of Alexander:—

“If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying:
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the goods the gods provide thee!

Like magic it strikes the heart of that mighty victor. His pain is inexpressible; for such captivating music joined with those bewitching features of Thais have made him a helpless being before their charms. In words full of love and affection the poet breathes forth these fascinating lines:—

“Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked,
And sighed and looked,

At length with love and wine at once oppressed.
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast."

Gentle zephyrs have hardly wafted away the sounds of love, when Timotheus with a dexterous hand again strikes the golden lyre, and sends forth loud melodies of revenge. Louder and louder the sounds increase, and like the rattling peal of thunder reverberate through the air. These furious sounds arouse the court, and with an incontrollable impulse they spring forth to take revenge for the infamous deeds of their enemies.

"The princes applaud with a furious joy:
And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way.
To light him to his prey.

And like another Helen fired another Troy."

Having followed its rapturous trend, we arrive at the concluding verse, which to a Christian heart is the most impressive. It speaks of one who in her dove-like innocence raised music to a higher degree of perfection, St. Cecilia, that Christian maiden, who with her gentle touch created those enchanting sounds that bring joy and happiness to all. Timotheus was but the shadow: Cecilia the reality. She breathed forth the highest kind of music, that of Christian purity; Timotheus the music of earthly pleasure. She honored the Supreme Being by her music; he, however, sought to please the vain desires of men. Dryden especially in this production manifested those deep religious sentiments that spontaneously emanated from his Christian soul. A true convert, indeed, who feared not to defend his Catholic Faith before a world of scoffers and unbelievers.

He could not have closed his masterpiece of art with more elevating words and purer sentiments. We imagine that our soul is gently soaring to the realms of bliss when we repeat:

“He raised a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down.”

Thus we have in a short description endeavored to present the beauties of this unexcelled Lyric of our language. Probably some may think that too much honor has been attributed to this wonderful production. They may even maintain that it is not the noblest and best Lyric of our language. We will admit that it has some defects, as no work of man is perfect; still, considering the opinion of the majority of unbiased authors, we may safely assume that it stands without a rival. As Catholics let us glory in this great accomplishment; for it is dedicated to St. Cecilia, that pure virgin who amid the turmoils of life was a most fervent child of the dearest of mothers, our Holy Church. May it always remain “The Immortal Ode,” of our language.

HENRY A. HOERSTMAN, '03.



PARADISE LOST.

CONCLUDED.

THE most salient excellence of Paradise Lost is its sublimity. The royal majesty of the theme provided ample scope for the rich treasures of Milton's exhaustless fancy, and in this instance he is unsurpassed. Like deep black clouds, hurried on from adverse points before encountering storms, mantle the sky with gloom and suddenly veil the light, or as some volcano disgorging the inward ravages of fire in sulphurous blackness on sunlit firmament, so that power more bountifully bestowed on him than on others, knew how to enforce more dread on the awful, to darken night itself, and with deeper gloom to aggravate the gloomy.

Amid the excitement of war and victory, he is cautious not to overwhelm our minds with awe, or leave us aghast in amazement, but bears our imaginations along with his choral melody and so dilates our genius that the full vastness of sublimity may gain convenient access to the soul and compel enduring admiration. Description of grand and stupendous objects is Milton's most congenial task. In the domain of elevation and majesty his mind ranges at large to meet occasion for magnificent display. Here he fostered those powerful thoughts by the light of the enkindled spirit whose dazzling luminaries irradiated the whole store of his contemplation and reflection

with supernal glory. These gorgeous intellectual riches he showered on "Paradise Lost" with magnanimous prodigality. Its epic character depends in great measure on their sufferage, while at the same time they procure a parallel for it in the Iliad alone. A distinction between the sublimity of these works is only perceptible in character. The Iliad hurries us along with the impetuosity of a mountain torrent and diffuses a fiery animation through the spirit of the reader. "Paradise Lost" elevates our feelings by a calm and magnificent granduer. Again, in the former we are astonished by miracles of prowess; the latter evokes veneration by its lofty and stupendous creation by a growing and precise delineation of objects; Homer summons every faculty of the soul to amazement; Milton engrafts an enduring sensation of awe and wonder on the mind. In both we strike upon extravagant emblems of scorn, misanthropy, and despair. In "Paradise Lost" weak lines rarely occur save in the dialogues and caustic railleries. Precluding these from consideration the sublimity of the volume is nowhere impaired but concurs with the greatness of the subject, and we are widely distant from adopting the authority of such whose precarious literary taste has ascribed to Milton the last form of this function. "To gild the gold or paint the lily," are the endeavors of most modern poets, but our subject has carefully evaded such paradox, and hence derived nothing from abundance of skill that could be detrimental.

The vagueness usually imputed to the imagery

is likewise unreal. The light of a strong fancy or illumined imagination will dissipate all fog and in their virtuous rays will unfold visions much removed from amorphism. The figures that Milton employs, in particular, are wonderful prodigies of genius. Their likeness is not bodied forth in shape or shade, but demand the co operation of the reader to formulate them, by yielding fully to the despotism of illusion, so that every idea associated with his suggestions, semblances, and faint delineations may present itself, and cloy the mind with intellectual sweets. Meditation is what Milton specifically solicits, which alone he can expect from the thoughtful and imaginative. His extensive learning united to a bright intuition would not tolerate the inconvenience of detail. In his readers he sought for qualities similar to his own, and disregarded the minuteness of the Iliad. A mere perspective, an incantation, a keynote, a verse, are the simple incentives he employs to induce mental activity, optionalizing all with the comprehension to grasp the suggestion, model the structure, complete the song, compose the melody, and fill the stanza. From what is apparent we may affirm that Milton has nothing in common with the illiterate, whose mind has never risen from its dormant state, and to whom he is as dangerous in creed, as he is depreciated by the votary, who somnambulizes all intellectual vigor, while pouring over the worthless pages of the love sick novel, and in the end finds the fair book of knowledge a universal blank.

We can elucidate our idea of the mysteries in

“Paradise Lost” better by instituting a comparison with Dante. All that Dante witnessed in his visions he relates with the simplicity of a traveler who has visited an unknown land. His creations all wear a human form; he sees them, pities them, and shares their misery. His interview with Virgil and Beatrice are well copied from experiments native to every man, and all the scenery is formulated with much similarity to nature. Milton, on the other hand, by his innate vigor initiates us into the secrets of another world in which we meet with nothing familiar, and whose character we cannot abstract from anything physical or natural, known or peculiar to ourselves.

None have read “Paradise Lost” and failed to observe that Satan is a most remarkable production. In similes and symbols he is everywhere before us, an image without measure, capable of all the faculties of a spirit. We have no parallel for him in letters, and Prometheus on the rock constitutes but a weak similitude. At one time he is described as Titanian and likened to Briareus or Typhon, or that sea beast, Leviathan, the largest that swims the ocean stream, and happily is mistaken for a floating land; or, again, like a pyramid of fire launching out into unessential night; then, like a burst of flame gushing from an explosion of powder; lastly, like a loathsome serpent vomited from the gates of hell, the archmate of complicated monsters with head and tail. So, eliminated and shapeless it has pleased Milton to portray Satan, justly considering exact dimensions as purposeless as an artist would believe it useless

to advert to the vocal chords of his Cliophe, or the gall of his Medusa.

By such portrayals more than by any other features he secured another important quality for his system, that of a mysterious garb and picturesque contour. However as "Paradise Lost" was written with a view to obtain a place in the memory of society of which the author was an ardent admirer, care was used to interweave pleasant variations and tuneful descants with gigantic prospects and obscure conceptions. A sweet remembrance rung up from the burial places of the memory, or an enchanting word that tingles with accents like the voice we loved, are the insidious magnets which at intervals attract the mind and seduce it to luxuriate amidst sunbeams and flowers, to enjoy the fumes of nard and myrrh and floods of music rippling through groves of trees that weep the balms and gums of every tincture, or to admire Urania in her glorious reign and frame to thought and image the mellifluous inspirations of Diana's rays. Such is the alimental recompense gleaned from those congenial fires fostered by the enormous tribute here provided for its comfort.

In "Paradise Lost" Milton has frequently been charged with somewhat ostentatious display of learning. Even though the accusation is advanced by friendly critics, we are persuaded that he is less at fault in his imputed pedantry than many of his readers are in default of a thoughtful mind. Can blame be merited for nourishing the spirit at the pure fount of science, or for quenching its thirst for knowledge at the well of wisdom?

Yet we can devise no penalties for their opinions. With the multitude the doctrine of the many mostly obtains as a syllogistic necessity, and any attempt to remove their errors would open gaps for opposition, where reason could not prevail over the grinning, scoffing, howling Cerberus of ignorance.

An intolerable flaw in this great poem is the author's theology. We know it to be widely erroneous, and the very first principles of true religion demonstrate the enormity of his misconception in regard to the Blessed Trinity. Viewing Milton and Dante conjointly in their situation on this subject, we unhesitatingly consign superiority to the Tuscan bard, who is alleged to have portrayed pure theology in the person of Beatrice. There is testimony that he was solidly Catholic, and in this position he claims decided preference over his compeer; but, though his theology is more admirable, his work in general is not, and whether his beatified Beatrice worthily personifies theology is controverted equally as much as the question regarding the hero in "Paradise Lost". His work testifies nothing in this respect, and the wanton manner in which he colored it with his personal feelings, has prepared much room for lawful suspicion.

The metaphysical part of Milton's epic was frequently observed to be inconsistent. Some declare these sections insufficiently, and others again, overmuch abstract; but how could the caprices of thousands be reconciled to one opinion in a point so nice? Yet, he has met approbation

with the majority by taking his stand on debatable grounds. That he confronts us rather in the aspect of a divine than a poet, insinuates itself instinctively into our mind; however, he seizes our attention, fetters our imagination as we proceed, and purveys such broad illusions that our fancy never suspects artifice, by these means he has established sound testimony of the highest merit in his epic composition.

Our field still presents much for consideration, but the compass of our task is too narrow and an important feature yet remains for observation. The characters recounted in "Paradise Lost" deserve attentive comment. If the wide circle of literature furnished a parallel, we might compare with advantage and thus facilitate an exposition of that miraculous machinery never before so felicitously drawn and introduced. Shakespeare yields little or no assistance, since his ideals are purely comprehended in the physical circuit. He may however serve a purpose in classifying Milton's genius from the nature of his creations. Minute investigation will manifest a close relation of intellectual competence, such as is virtually the same, though individualized by marked peculiarities which are reflected from every sentiment that is signalized in the several productions of their mighty fancies. Shakespeare has created an 'Othello' and Milton a 'Satan'. In both we behold the authors at their best. They both act as fiends, and are instinct with treachery, malice, hatred, and revenge. Othello embodies these passions with all the vividness that nature will allow,

whilst their very perfection renders him incomparable in the drama. With like skill Milton has united them in Satan, but as was suitable with far greater depravity than any previous painting could exhibit. The good qualities attributed to Satan are merely the counterparts of these passions, and from the pattern according to which he was modeled, they could not fail to peep out here and there. Surely we may credit Milton with sufficient understanding of good and evil necessary to know that no direct moral good could emanate from Satan, but it was nothing less than probable that a being, half spirit and half human, should behave like he does in "Paradise Lost". Though he is the best drawn character in the work, yet we lean from the opinion expressed by many who declare him the hero. The idea of the subject is in no way predicted by the heroism of Satan. Every chronicle of religion will tell us that our first parents fell circumvented by fraud through the instrumentality of the tempter and yet be infinitely removed from accounting it as a heroic achievement. There can be no heroism in the accomplishment of evil, be it ever so artful and arduous. Moreover, no writer acquainted with Milton's life could reasonably accuse him of such baseness as to celebrate the whole source of wickedness in an epic poem. The great roll assigned to Satan provides no more proof in his favor for this station than the prominence of Hector makes him the hero in the Iliad. Adam is truly the production of much skill and ingenuity. He is the duplicate of Milton's own soul and breathes his personal

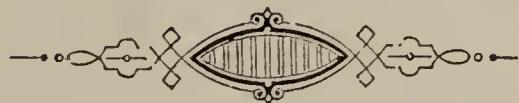
thoughts and feelings. By far too much wisdom and puritanic wit are involved in his speech which is in slight disharmony with his situation. Better-minded critics have nominated him hero, yet he embodies little heroism and achieves no exploit worthy of the appellation, but loses all his native virtues and dignity by falling a ridiculous victim to female charm.

The grand attempt to rescue his loved project from the ruin and misconception, which it would inevitably meet in consequence of the depressing and melancholy conclusion drew from Milton that inimitable poem appended to "Paradise Lost" under title of "Paradise Regained". The latter is much like the former, but far less martial and vigorous; it is like the sun shorn of its beams, or the flower robbed of its petals, and compares much in the same way as the *Odyssey* does with the *Iliad*. Yet for all this it is adequate to express the intention of the author as it substantially testifies that the Messiah is the hero from the beginning of "Paradise Lost" to the end in "Paradise Regained". We have evident proofs for this throughout the whole work, but, in particular, in the dialogues of the third book, in the expulsion of the wicked angels from Heaven, and, above all, in the close of the poem. Everywhere the Messiah is the chief object of his choice regard. He exhausts the whole strength of his genius whenever he touches upon Him and paints Him in the most brilliant colors of which art and poetry are capable. He is however far from the Redeemer whom we adore, as Milton's religious views veiled his

soul so that it could but see him with an enfeebled faith and enshrouded in obscurity. The good angels are characterized by celestial harmony, concord, uniformity, and every virtue suitable to their state. The bad angels are wrapped in confusion, uproar, and are pervaded by infernal gloom. Among the former, Gabrial, Michael, and Raphael have a unique design and are pleasing creations, whilst apparent shades of difference forbids any likeness or identity between them. The Potentates of the infernal host are well drawn in the illustrious speeches they make in the second book.

Though we lament many faults and grave errors, we nevertheless have good reason to rejoice that John Milton, the prince of our epic poetry, has glorified our literature with an unprecedented model of the force, strength, and beauty, eminently native to the English language.

M. B. KOESTER, '02.



THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

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DURING THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR

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EDITORIALS.

We have, probably with more boldness than courage, more rashness than prudence, resolved to increase the size of the Collegian from forty-eight to fifty-six pages monthly. This, of course, means increased labors, but our own enthusiasm and good will together with the able assistance of our Censor, Rev. Mark Hamburger, for whose guiding hand we are always thankful, has encouraged us to this step. Since we recognize no such

word as "failure," we look upon our venture with a sense of happiness, and a feeling that we are progressing with rapid strides on the path laid out and indicated by the pioneers of the *Sanctum*.



"We are but tenants of this clay form that we call our body."

The month of November with all its prayers, sufferings, and good works has been dedicated to the Suffering Souls in particular. How they must look forward to those few weeks, when so many of their number will have "paid the last farthing." Then, too, how many must there be who have no relatives or friends to pray for them! How the souls of these must thirst when they see countless thousands, at the beckoning of the angel, wing their flight to the realms of Eternal light and happiness. It is these friendless souls for whom we should pray and offer up our good works. If our hearts, surrounded by this world's luxuries, fail to hearken to the mute appeals of our unseen but suffering brethren, then let us remember those words of the Eternal Truth Himself, "Dust thou art and to dust returnest." It is a matter of a few weeks only, a few months, a year, till we will be in that place of intense suffering loudly calling for assistance. Then we will receive according to the measure we have given. What a consolation must it not be to a dying man to know that probably he has liberated a number of souls—yea, even one,—who will storm the Throne of Mercy in his behalf. Among the many devotions especially adapted to the suffering souls, certainly none is more noble than the Heroic Act. By it we relinquish every iota of merit on our part in favor of the Suffering Souls. We apply all our propitiatory actions both in this life and those offered for us after death to the Suffering Souls.

We thereby cast our soul with all its faults and sins entirely upon the Mercy of God. Who knows, but that we may be sentencing ourselves to hundreds of years in that awful place of pain and agony, where seconds are days, and days are years. Truly, it takes a brave and generous soul to make such an act. How many of us have the immense charity, the divine courage, to make the Heroic Act? "May the souls of the faithful departed rest in peace. Amen."



From all sides we are confronted with the statement, "Czolgosz is a Catholic." In consequence the Church will come in for a good share of reproach and back-biting, and we might prophesy a virulent anti-Catholic movement in the near future. Like Nero of Roman times, who wishing to justify his cruelties, accused the Christians of burning Rome; so, today, the world on slight, even false, pretenses vomits forth its bile upon the fair form of our Holy Mother the Church. These wicked tendencies however are much offset by the fact that the Church from the Pontiff down to the humblest American peasant deplored the act of the assassin and condemned it in the strongest terms, declaring such a man to be neither a true citizen, Christian, nor Catholic. Indeed, he was none of the three, especially not the last. He was baptized, but never received Holy Communion or Confirmation. If anything, he was a bad Catholic, and by such the Church is not to be judged. Besides the firm stand which the Church takes at this time declaring godless education to be the cause of anarchism, and holding and proving its own system of education to be the only true one has deeply and favorably impressed even the minds of our dissenting brethren. The events of the last few weeks have placed the Church in a

new and true light, and much good may result in the end. Who can wonder when he remembers those words: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I shall build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against Her".



With a smile of contempt and a mingled feeling of pity and disgust we notice the revival of that class of numskulls and bigots known formerly as the A. P. A's. The effect of their latest spasm is the "National Patriotic Federation." With a sublime patriotism they band themselves together in order to protect our country from the "American Federation of Catholic Societies." Article I. Section 1. of their constitution says: "The objects of this Federation are; first, to effect a union of all the subordinate bodies of the several patriotic societies in the United States *in opposition to the Federated Roman Catholic Societies*, thereby enabling the former to act more intelligently, quickly; and persistently for the protection of American institutions. Second, to establish a general committee to carry forward the patriotic movement in respect to affairs purely national, who shall communicate directly with the patriotic people in order to inform them of the doings of national government, and to *procure petitions and remonstrances respecting Congressional action*; third, to oppose everything tending to a union of Church and state, everything inimical to our free non-sectarian system of public schools, and every usurpation or attempted usurpation of arbitrary power." The motive and objects of the existence of this Federation are as narrow and despicable as those of the Catholic Federation are great and noble. Why does any man need to oppose the Catholic Federation? Because it cements "the

bonds of fraternal union among the Catholic laity and Catholic Societies of the United States"? There is thereby no harm or injury done to our country. Because it fosters "Catholic interests and works of religion, piety, education and charity"? Such a course would *benefit* our country immensely. Because it fosters "the dissemination of the truth"? Who opposes truth, opposes God Himself and hence can have no sympathizers among the generality of man. Then, Article III, Section 7, reads:—"Every person becoming a member of this Federation or any of its branches shall engage to defend, to the utmost of his ability, the tenets of the Protestant religion concerning transubstantiation, the mass, the confessional, indulgences, the infallibility of the Pope, and the right of the Pope to exercise temporal power." Such words display ignorance, prejudices, and bigotry, that tax our credulity. They oppose "a union of church and state" and dote upon their "system of free non-sectarian school". Yes, and they are now reaping the fruit of a government characteristically "non-sectarian," as they call it, or, in other words, government without religion. Their system has been tried and has failed. Lincoln, Garfield, and our own beloved McKinley are martyrs to the cause. If such bigots remain longer in influence, many more of our public men will die as martyrs to such societies as the National Patriotic (?) Federation. We fail to see where their patriotism lies. Such a class of people as the Know-Nothings and the A. P. A.'s. are the murderers of our presidents—not a Booth, a Guiteau, or a Czolgosz. It is the former who foster pride, hatred, bigotry, rebellion, and godlessness. Well, let this patriotic organization enjoy the few years, or even months, which it has yet to live. It will soon follow its worthy predecessors, and

be buried in unenvied notoriety. Our posterity will stop and smile when they read on one of history's tombstones,

"Hear lies
A Federation of Freaks and Imbeciles."

THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF CATHOLIC SOCIETIES.

THE end of the nineteenth and the beginning of the 20th century will be characterized by future historians as an era of gigantic combinations in all branches of labor and professional pursuits. The reasons for such combinations are not far to seek. The old saying, "In union there is strength," is the mother of all unions, trusts and federations. Strength is the prime requisite of the day,—strength in the individual, in the society, in the community, state, and country. Hence men unite themselves into vast bodies, which exist as monstrous individuals and become a power for good or evil, according to the channels into which their great vital energy is directed. Thus we find combinations of capital, of labor,—yea, even of brains, and nervous energy. The world has long since recognized the fact that two heads are better than one, and is beginning to learn that two pocket-books are more powerful than one. However, such combinations have their advantages and disadvantages. Chameleon-like they take the color of the character of the man who heads them. If he is unprincipled and unscrupulous, they become incubators of injustice, cruelty and oppression, and vice versa.

In the case of combined capital it is the poor man who must suffer. With plausible ingenuity, however, he has turned his opponents' own weap-

ons upon themselves. He has defended himself behind the immense bulwark of Federation of Labor. Here again abuses creep in, and it is hard to decide who is to be upheld, combinations of capital, or combinations of labor. There will be rivalry, strife, and wrong on both sides so long as so much power lies in the hands of fallible beings. Infallibility and great power go hand in hand—are sisters. One without the other is like a giant without intellect. Hence the Pope is the greatest man on earth. Therefore under his guiding hand only, or the Church he represents, can great and concentrated power be safely wielded and productive of most good. This leads us to our subject, the American Federation of Catholic Societies. As the laboring man used his enemies' arms against themselves, so the Church in a like manner is protecting herself.

Since the time of the Roman Emperors, when the strength of man and brute were combined in fierce onslaughts upon the Church, down to the days of "Know-Nothings and A. P. A's." the Church has had to withstand the attacks of men individually and collectively. To guard her children more securely from the snares of the Evil One, the Church has sanctioned and blessed various societies that sprung up from time to time within her ranks. Their object was mutual encouragement and edification, the more rapid spreading of truth. The mission of the Church was their mission; they were not to usurp the work of bishop or priest, but to share it. They were to prepare the soil for the word of God and nurture the seedling therefrom.

These societies were and have been organized in almost every parish the country over. The poorest and smallest of parishes can at least boast of a Blessed Virgin's Sodality, or a League of the

Sacred Heart. The majority of religious societies were, however, comparatively local. But the cry has now come to be, "In national Federation alone is there strength." And we are inclined to think that it is true.

This was evidently the spirit of the meeting held at Long Branch, N. J., Aug. 28th and 29th for the purpose of organizing an "American Federation of Catholic Societies." The central figure in the gigantic movement, and the parent of National Federation is Rt. Rev. McFaul of Trenton, N. J. If he should be successful in his great scheme, he will go down in history. The officers chosen are men who have been conspicuous heretofore in society matters. They have drawn up a constitution which is brief but comprehensive. Article II. says:—

"The objects of this Federation are the cementing of the bonds of fraternal union among the Catholic laity and the Catholic Societies of the United States; and the fostering of Catholic interests, and works of religion, piety, education, and charity; the study of conditions in our social life, the dissemination of truth, and the encouragement of the spread of Catholic literature, and the circulation of the Catholic press."

Truly, these are great and noble aims and worthy of a great organization. The ultimate results of such immense energy directed towards such great aims are pleasant to contemplate. Think of the inestimable good done by the fostering of "Catholic interests and works of piety, education and charity." This clause means that bishops and priests will have a legion of stalwart, intelligent, and God fearing men throughout the whole Union to help and assist them in "works of religion and piety." It means that Ability, in spite of its possessor being a Catholic, will be admitted

to a larger circle and a higher plane of recognition; it means that the public school will meet its greatest antagonist, and the parochial school will find a powerful protecting arm; it means that the widow, orphan, and oppressed will experience acts and deeds of chivalry that will vie in greatness and nobleness with those of bygone ages.

The next clause promises no less than the former—"The fostering of the study of conditions in our social life, the dissemination of truth, and the encouragement of the spread of Catholic literature and the circulation of the Catholic press." Did the Federation do naught else than encourage the "spread of Catholic literature and the circulation of the Catholic press" it would do worlds of good. We have but to think of the overwhelming tide of cankerous literature that is vomited from the press; we have but to glance at a single sheet of our great dailies, to realize what immeasurable benefit could accrue from an increased "spread of Catholic literature and the circulation of Catholic press." Then, too, some of our Catholic papers might become in reality, what they now *pretend* to be, i. e., newspapers. Then we might look forward with great happiness and great hope to a thorough Catholic *daily*. "National Federation" and a "Catholic Daily"—parent and offspring—what a noble and powerful pair they would be!

In conclusion let us say that we hope and pray that the "American Federation of Catholic Societies" will prosper and become all that it promises to be. Like a gigantic octopus it will embrace all Catholic organizations and will wield its immense strength in defense of Catholic rights and in the promotion of Catholic interests.

SOCIETY NOTES.

Marian Sodality.—The sodality will remain under the Spiritual Directorship of Rev. Father Hugo. In a meeting held Oct. 2nd, the following officers were elected:—Prefect, Mr. E. Werling; first assistant, Mr. S. Hartman; second assistant, Mr. R. Halpin; Sec. Mr. S. Kremer; Consultors:—Messrs. B. Wellman, F. Mader, B. Quell, J. Bach, C. Sibold, L. Huber X. Jaeger, B. Alt, A. Sheidler and C. Frericks. The new members will be solemnly admitted on the feast of the Immaculate Conception.

It is a very noteworthy fact that all young men who enter St. Joseph's College learn to cultivate a sincere devotion to the Mother of God.

C. L. S.—The Columbians seem to place considerable weight on the old saying that, "well begun is half done." They not only did great honor to themselves but gave the audience a genuine treat in the following program rendered Oct. 20th.

1. Ess-Jay-See Battalion March (Prof. B. Dentinger) — — — — Band.
2. Inaugural Address, "Self-Culture", Pres. Mr. William Arnold.
3. Recitation, "The Glory of Arms", Mr. R. Stoltz.
4. Fantasie (Neibig,) Clar. Solo. Mr. P. Welsh.
5. Debate, "Resolved that there is more happiness than misery in this life."
Affirmative, — Mr. Chas. VanFlandern.
Negative, — — — — Mr. S. Hartman.
6. Sonate (D. Major) (Diabelli) Piano Four-hand. Prof. B. Dentinger and Mr. A. Schuette.
7. Essay. "Imagination" Mr. S. Kremer.

8. Cavatine I. (Hasselman) Cornet Solo, Mr. R. Stoltz.

9. Farce. "A Holy Terror."

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Mrs. Fizzy (Landlady) - - - Mr. A. McGill.

Moses (The Holy Terror) - - Mr. G. Arnold.

Aaron (as mische'vs as Moses) Mr. H. Hoerstman.

Hannibal Hycollar - - - Mr. E. Werling.

The able president who first took the floor with an address on "Self-Cultnre" was master of the situation. His practical choice of subject and the manner in which he handled it harmonizing admirably with a clear strong voice and athletic frame, contributed to make his essay one of the most pleasing, and at the same time instructive, speeches ever rendered by a Columbian. The neat little poem on "The Glory of Arms", recited by the musical throat of Mr. Stoltz was "short and sweet". The well chosen subject of the debate proved highly interesting to the audience. It was warmly disputed and resulted in a victory for the affirmative. Mr. Kremer's essay on "Imagination" proved the speaker to be perfectly conversant with his subject. His style of composition deserves special praise. The impersonators of the farce were all "Holy Terrors" and, as the frequent laughter and applause indicated, were the right men in the right place.

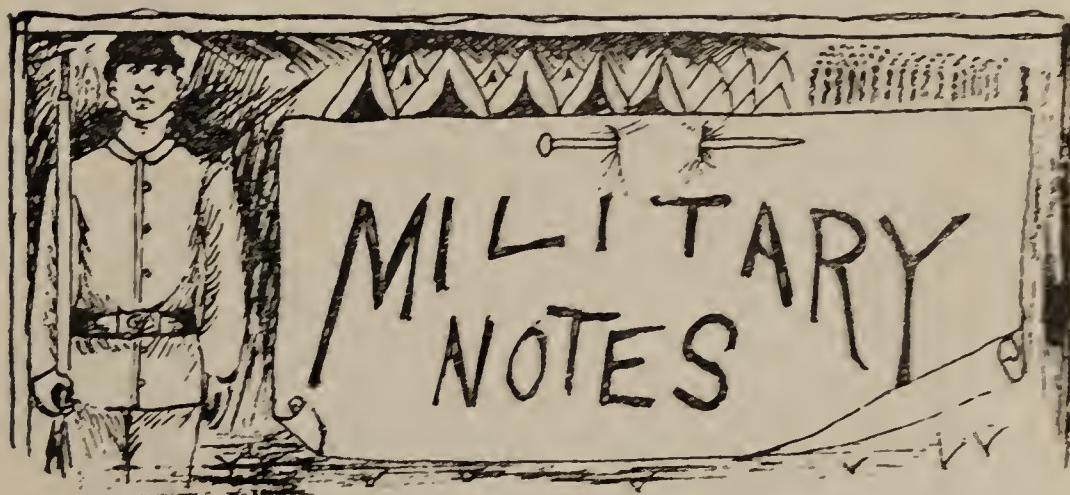
The able Prof. B. Dentinger deserves special thanks from the Society for the pleasing manner in which he conducted the musical part of the program. It was conspicuous for variety, and consequentl never tiring. Mr. P. Welsh's clarinet solo was a novel feature and showed him to be a master of that instrument. The program was a complete success.

We think that the C. L. S. has arrived at a higher standard than ever before, and much of

this is due to its new constitution. Applicants for membership, besides being of the model student class, must undergo a rigid examination. In a recent meeting the following were voted into the Society:—Messrs. C. Grube, B. Alt, R. Reinick, R. Schwieterman, A. Shaefer, A. Sheidler, E. Cook, W. Sheidler, T. Hames, J. Naughton, A. Bernard, J. Dabbelt, E. Pryor, E. Lonsway, B. Quell, and C. Sibold. The Columbians will render the drama, "St. Sebastian", on December 3rd.

A. L. S.—The Aloysians are making great progress under the able directorship of Rev. P. Liberat. President Mr. W. Fisher opened the first literary program with address entitled, "Progress of the Society", in which he stated that the Aloysians have a very promising future. They hold bi-weekly programs and will appear publicly in "The Prodigal Law-Student", on Thanksgiving Day.

CHAS. A. VANFLANDERN, '03.



The St. Joseph's College Battalion is making great progress. Never were there greater prospects for a grand success of Military than at present. Every Monday and Friday a regulation company of fine young men spend an hour of recreation pacing up and down the College campus, obeying

promptly the commands of their captain. A Competitive Drill was held Oct. 24th, in which Ex-Major W. Hordeman assisted as judge.

The following privates were promoted to the rank of sergeant:

| | |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| C. VanFlandern 99 | J. Hildebrand 98½ |
| T. Hammes 99 | B. Quell 98½ |
| R. Halpin 98½ | J. Steinbruner 98½ |
| E. Lonsway 98½ | N. Keller 98½ |

The following privates were promoted to the rank of corporals:

| | |
|---------------|----------------|
| W. Fisher 98½ | J. Dabbelt 97½ |
| C. Sibold 98½ | W. Hanly 97½ |
| J. Jones 98 | E. Cook 97 |
| L. Flory 98 | J. Sullivan 97 |
| M. Shea 98 | T. Alles 97 |
| A. Knapke 98 | H. Heimes 97 |
| J. Lemper 97½ | C. Ready 96 |
| F. Boeke 97½ | J. Bryan 96 |

Mr. Dahlinghaus will act as Color-bearer.

Thanksgiving Day the Military will make their first appearance in public. The following program will be given in the College Armory at 10 A. M.

| | |
|-----------------------------|----------------|
| Dress Parade..... | S. J. C. B. |
| Fancy Exhibition Drill..... | Officers |
| Comical Drill:..... | Select Company |
| Exhibition Drill..... | S. J. C. B. |

The object of the Military is not only to acquaint young men with the United States tactics, but it teaches them promptness and obedience and contributes to develop a soldierly appearance.

CHAS. A. VANFLANDERN '03.



EXCHANGES.

The several numbers of the *Scholastic*, now lying before us, present those usual qualities which have ever characterized it as a representative journal. Information and interest linked with rare merit are the staple of its pages. Though we do not imply perfection, yet in terseness of thought, in clear perception, precision and energetic diction, it is nearest there. A more propitious Muse, exceptionally speaking, could pay better tribute to our imaginations.

“*St. Mary’s Record*” possesses a sensitive nerve alive with fine sympathy for intelligence and taste, but it wants slightly in force and impressiveness. The very first page unfolds a beautiful poem of which the sentiment is child-like innocence. Unpretending and full of bright associations, it flows glib and free like unobstructive happiness as affections always must. Great poetical powers find evidence in natural versification. Intellectual appreciation and good judgment are ruling power in the essay on Carlyle’s work in which, however, we are too frequently cloyed by quotations forbidding that ease and originality of composition most desirable. Individual ideas and sentiments always secure most interest for readers. Insight and discrimination are the features of the editorial column which we best define by a single word—excellent.

Clear and tuneful just as it flies from the mountains the *Echo* arrives with melodies as various as the numbers in its contents. Above most up-to-date journals this neat little pamphlet guarantees the saying that simplicity is true magnificence and affords the greatest charm. Its stories are

not made up out of stories and essays like newly cut pearls preserve an untarnished original brightness. Hidden beneath modesty and humble pretension we discern a sprightliness and candor peculiar to the *Echo* alone. Brevity and interest mark the beginning and finish of the issue at hand. The plain manner in which it regards religious themes accords with honor and worthy principles.

There is always plenty of ideality and quality in *St. Mary's Chimes*, such as preparation and diligence alone can accomplish. A noteworthy essay, "The Ode in English" is a lucid exposition on the subject. The sound appreciation given to Milton shows an ideal taste; yet partly deficient in closeness of grasp. The writer, on the contrary, has allowed too little merit to Collins for whom a comparison with Milton in his odes would be nothing exaggerated. Far from finding anything cold or insipid in him we perceive a warmth and feeling, such as Dryden often attempted and Gray never attained. We would likewise wish that the writer had in her conscience or modesty to recognize such men as Poe. The brilliant enamel of Spencer we fear is happy in finding so much favor with her fancy. "Sources of Inspirations" is well managed. Perspicuous and exact beyond restraint, the writer seemingly was doing that best *which* she was doing in its composition. "A Nocturne" is a fragrant breath of genuine poetry and the interchange of sombreness and gayety of the remaining verse has our commendation.

The Niagra Index of October is cold and void of all sensation. We do not ask for flipancy or priggishness in any journal, but a little passion in the writer of "Local History" had made him more congenial. With him the ruling power in nature is thought and he perceives little beauty. Though his subject offers much scope for Rhet-

oric. yet he confines himself to the dry side of History alone. Certainly the science of a question constitutes its fundamental part and the author has well applied it, but he who combines *art* and science has all things in his favor. "Catholic Philosophy and Science" is emphatically a profound and well-prepared discourse. Little grace or ornament is lent to truth, but the composition is executed in pure, impressive, and elegant style. There is an admirable trait in it of a high moral and religious character. "Statesmanship in Shakespeare" is well written, and shows good discrimination and critical abilities. Though the Index gives us the fatigue of thinking we are always glad to enjoy, if not a pleasant, at least a serious chat with our friend.

"Holy Cross Purple," either you are traveling vagabond, or straits forbid you another address; in the latter instance send information, and we will subscribe.

M. B. KOESTER, '02.



The third game between the St. Aquinos and the St. Xaviers was played on Sunday, Sept. 22nd. The game, although not devoid of errors, was a remarkably fast one. It was a pitched battle from the start to the finish. Captain Theobald decided that he would go in and try to pitch his team to victory. He pitched great ball, even bet-

ter than Monin did, for he allowed less hits and struck out more men than his opponent, but his support was rank, the infield especially was "all in". The St. Xaviers played clean ball, every one playing his position well, but Schaefer was the hero of the day, cutting off many drives that looked good for safe hits. The score:

St. Xaviers — 2 0 2 1 0 1 2 0 x — 8.

St. Aquinos — 2 0 0 2 0 0 0 2 0 — 6.

Two base hits—Welsh, VanFlandern. Bases on balls—Off Theobald, 1; off Monin, 2. Hits—Off Theobald, 4; off Monin, 5. Struck out—By Theobald, 10; by Monin, 7. Time of game—1:30. Umpire—Marshall of Wisconsin.

NOTES OF THE GAME.

In the ninth, Theobald hit a fly to short right field, Schaefer, at second, started for the ball and caught it with his left hand while running. It was the feature of the game.

Wachendorfer has been playing a good game in left field for the St. Xaviers. Several times of late he has pulled down apparently safe hits.

Albert Marshall, of Rensselaer, umpired the game, giving good satisfaction to both sides. He has returned to the University of Wisconsin, where he will play half-back in the foot ball team of that institution.

On Sunday, Sept. 29th, the St. Aquinos and the St. Xaviers crossed bats for the last time until spring. The game was a poor exhibition of the national sport, the most remarkable feature being the large number of errors made by both teams. VanFlandern and Monin were the opposing pitchers, and as usual of late; Monin won out, not through great work in the box, but because he received better support from his team-mates. The final score was 14 to 12 in favor of the St. Xaviers.

The Rensselaer High School foot ball team

came out to the College on Wednesday, Oct. 30th, to play the College team. The S. J. C. team was composed partly of senior and partly of junior students. The Rensselaer team was much heavier than our boys, and they had a better formation. They got into the plays quickly, and in this way they got their formation started so quickly that S. J. C. could not break it without great difficulty. The game was started by Rensselaer kicking off to S. J. C. George Arnold got the ball and was downed in his tracks. S. J. C. lost the ball after three attempts had been made to gain the required five yards. Rensselaer took the ball, and on a criss-cross made fifteen yards around right end. They then tried the line, but could not gain. The criss-cross was resorted to again and on this play they scored a touchhown after five minutes of playing. They failed at goal. S. J. C. kicked to Rensselaer and than held them for downs. S. J. C. seemed determined to score and they had the ball the most of the time during the latter part of the first half in Rensselaer territory but, they could not reach the goal before time was called. In the second half, S. J. C. kicked off to Rensselaer and got the ball on a fumble G. Arnold punted, Rensselaer getting the ball. Rensselaer made some good gains, bringing the ball up to the centre of the field, where they were held for downs. Mose, for S. J. C. made a fine run around left end for twenty-five yards. Hoerstman hit the line for good gains. The ball was now on the Rensselaer ten yard line, but S. J. C. could advance the ball no farther. Rensselaer punted out of danger, Hildebrand getting the ball and losing it on a fumble. After this Rensselaer had the ball the most of the time, hitting the line until they pushed it over the goal for a touchdown. The goal was missed. Mose, Hoerstman, Flaherty, Theobald, and George Arnold played the best game for S. J. C.

LOCALS.

The following Clergy have been esteemed visitors at St. Joseph's College during October: Very Rev. J. Dinnen of Lafayette, Ind.; Rev. Lambert of Dunnington, Ind.; Rev. Boccard of Delphi, Ind.; Rev. F. Janson of Frankfort, Ind.; Rev. George Hoerstman of Reynolds, Ind.; Rev. Schoentgen, Roanoke, Ind.

The Freshman Class have now taken up geometry. Although the proverb says, "There is no royal road to geometry," Richard maintains there is one characteristic about geometry, the pictures are pretty exact.

Benjamin to Felix:— What part of speech is the word "haec"? Felix:— An exclamation.

Since the cool and pleasant autumn nights are gradually coming on, some students find it difficult to leave their cosy beds when the prefect makes his appearance in the morning. "Get up, Johnny", remarked the prefect, "the sun is up before you." Johnny:— "Oh, then let me sleep a while yet, the sun has a greater distance to travel than I have."

Beginner in literature: "Which are the oldest books on record?" Isaac (Cyriac): — "Volumes of Water, and they circulate all over the earth."

The Junior Class has now taken up geology. Upon the question, when rain falls, does it ever get up again. Remigius replied:— "Of course, in *dew* time."

Rev. Father Benedict C. PP. S. and Rev. Father Marcus C. PP. S. attended the Jubilee at Connorsvile, Oct. 27.

Mrs. M. T. Hanley and her son Leo from Muncie, Ind., paid a friendly visit to her elder son William on Oct. 20.

Cream coated carmels, oranges, apples, peaches, fresh pies, and other confectioneries for sale at Br. Victor's. Soft drinks a specialty.

Ludger is now exhausting all his poetical energies in translating Virgil. In expressing his opinion about Virgil he said he will not pay much attention to his feet but will first try to find out his sense.

During October Mr. Michael Burke of Peru, Ind., visited his son James.

Teacher: "Parse the following sentence: John milks the cow. The last word was disposed of as follows: Pupil: Cow is a noun, feminine gender, singular number, third person and *stands* for John.

On account of the increase of students business also increased. Alfred is now in partnership with Rudy in the tonsorial palor. A fine shave without pain ("payin").

The editor found these lines penned beneath a poem that was handed to him.

"If 'neath these simple rhymes you find
Naught worth to print or bind
Then please just put them in the stove
I'll try again, by Jove." T.

Mrs. W. T. Jones and her son Ollie from Muncie, Ind., were guests at St. Joseph's College on Oct. 19.

A few wonders of Collegeville: The loudest man,—A. McGill. Who gets the most sleep in the shortest time,—Wm. Arnold. The noisiest man,—Flaherty. Tallest man,—Darlinghouse. Heaviest man,—don't know. Smallest man,—Pumpkin, or Bullets.

One hundred and twenty-six students at St. Joseph's this year.

The other day "Mac" sauntered leisurely out of the study hall, and when he stepped out into the fresh, cool air and beheld the beautiful landscape before him he exclaimed in admiration. "O how beautiful is nature!" But just then "Mac's" small foot came in contact with a bit of bannana

pealing. We next find him—exactly where he fell—delivering a beautiful monologue on nature's bannana tree.

On Oct. 20. F. V. Faulhaber a prominent real estate man of Cleveland, Ohio, paid a short but pleasant visit to his cousin, Rev. Mark Hamburger, C. PP. S.

Mrs. A. Hauk and Miss Katherine Hildebrand from Delphi, Ind., were entertained by the later's brother,—John Hildebrand.

Thomas Quinlan has again returned, bringing with him good news of the recovery of his sister.

Joseph Naughton has returned from a visit to his home.

Herman Heim returned from a short visit to his home Oct. 22.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McCaffrey of Peru, Ind., called upon their son John during October.

Oct. 21. Thomas Quinlan was summoned to his home by a telegram which informed him of the critical condition of his sister, who was suffering from an attack of typhoid fever.

The members of the C. L. S. wish to express their sincerest sentiments of gratitude to the Rev. Fridolin Schneider, C. PP. S. for the beautiful donation of natural curiosities with which he has of late enriched their museum. The Columbians are the more indebted to his kindness since he has repeatedly exerted himself to furnish material to their "curiosity shop.—Librarian.

Hurrah, hurrah, you gray clad lads
In victory waft high your hats!
Of you alone we truly say:
"You work when working, playing, play."

In cold, in hot, in rain or shine
You beat the Reds, that hoary nine.
The wind howles through a wind-mill swings
Some melodies, it mocking sings.

Alas! it whines a dreary tale
O'er it those heroes oft did wail
It sounds just like the umpire's shout:
Strike one, strike two, strike three you're out!

HONORARY MENTION.

The names of those students that have made 95-100 per cent in conduct and application during the last month appear in the first paragraph. The second paragraph contains the names of those that reached 90-95 per cent.

September. 95-100 PER CENT.

W. Arnold, Ed. Wills, H. Hoerstman, Ed. Werling, F. Theobald, C. VanFlandern, J. Wessel, A. McGill, W. Flaherty, J. Braun, P. Welsh, H. Muehler, G. Arnold, R. Goebel, E. Lonsway, Ed. Cook, J. Dabbelt, Theo. Hammes, J. Steinbrunner, B. Quell, R. Halpin, F. Boeke, H. Froning, F. Mader, A. Knapke, B. Huelsman, M. Shumacher, A. Bernard, J. Naughton, J. F. Sullivan, C. Sibold, J. Hildebrand, J. Lemper, V. Sibold, J. Bach, B. Welman, A. Lonsway, M. Shea, J. A. Sullivan, L. Monahan, W. Fisher, N. Keller, L. Flory, T. Quinlan, W. Meinerding, H. Darlinghouse, H. Heims, C. Ready, N. Keilman, J. Lang, C. Holt-haus, E. Barnard, J. Smith, G. Jackson, J. McCarthy, P. Freiburger, M. O'Connor, C. Fisher, Ed. Pryor, T. Aelles, E. Grimme, P. Thom, R. Ottke, H. Cooney, R. Bremerkamp, F. Schmitz, J. Burke, M. Connell, W. Hanley, Fd. Ley.

90-95 PER CENT.

J. Jones, J. Bryan, J. Quinn, M. O'Connell, C. Randall, A. Birkmeier, J. McCaffrey, F. Maley.

FOR CLASS WORK.

September. 90-100 PER CENT.

Wm. Arnold, S. Hartman, S. Kremer, M. Koester, Ed. Wills, A. Schuette, I. Wagner, G. Arnold, R. Goebel, R. Halpin, J. Steinbrunner, F. Wachendorfer, W. Scheidler, A. Scheidler, M. Ehleringer, J. Bach, L. Monahan, B. Wellman, V. Meagher, J. Becker, R. Rath, O. Knapke, C. Frericks, Cl. Fisher, M. O'Connor, I. Collins, H. Grube, I. Weisse, A. Linnemann, A. Delaney, F. Boeke, H. Fronig, A. Knapke, B. Huelsman, F. Mader, A. Bernard, J. Lemper, Wm. Hanley, H. Cooney.

September. 84-90 PER CENT.

R. Stoltz, C. VanFlandern, Ed. Werling, F. Theobald, H. Hoerstman, B. Holler, R. Monin, X. Jaeger, L. Huber, E. Flaig, A. McGill, J. Wessel, W. Flaherty, J. Braun, P. Welsh, A. Koenig, B. Alt, C. Grube, F. Didier, H. Muhler, E. Cook, J. Dabbelt, B. Quell, R. Schwietermann, Wm. Fisher, M. Shea, L. Flory, Ed. Pryor, M. Helmig, J. Mc

Carthy, T. Alles, J. Freiburger, J. Bryan, J. O'Donnell, J. Naughton, J. Quinn, O. Hentges, F. May, E. Hauk, C. Baczkowski, F. Kochs, H. Vonderemsbe, V. Link, C. Lutz, M. Shumacher, W. Meiering, J. F. Sullivan, C. Holthaus, P. Carlos, H. Heim, J. Lang, C. Ready, J. Burke, C. Randall.

October. 95-100 PER CENT.

W. Arnold, Ed. Wills, H. Hoerstman, Ed. Werling, F. Theobald, C. VanFlandern, A. McGill, P. Welsh, G. Arnold, R. Goebel, E. Lonsway, Ed. Cook, J. Dabbelt, T. Hammes, J. Steinbrunner, B. Quell, R. Halpin, F. Boeke; A. Fronig, F. Mader, A. Knapke, B. Huelsman, M. Shumacher, A. Bernard, J. Naughton, J. F. Sullivan, C. Sibold, J. Hildebrand, J. Lemper, J. Jones, J. Bach, B. Wellman, A. Lonsway, M. Shea, J. A. Sullivan, L. Flory, Wm. Meiering, H. Darlinghouse, N. Keilman, J. Lang, C. Holthaus, E. Barnard, J. Smith, G. Jackson, J. McCarthy, J. Freiburger, J. Bryan, M. O'Connell, M. O'Connor, C. Fisher, Ed. Pryor, E. Grimmel, H. Cooney, W. Hanley, F. Maley, J. Diemert, A. Wuchner.

90-95 PER CENT

J. Wessel, W. Flaherty, J. Braun, H. Muhler, V. Sibold, L. Monahan, W. Fisher, N. Keller, T. Quinlan, H. Heim, C. Ready, J. Quinn, P. Thom, F. Schmitz, A. Birkmeier, J. Burke, Ed. Ley, Jno. Hunt.

October. 90-100 PER CENT.

Wm. Arnold, S. Hartman, S. Kremer, M. Koester, R. Stoltz. Ed. Wills, H. Hoerstman, R. Monin, A. Schuette, F. Didier. R. Goeble, R. Halpin, J. Steinbrunner, F. Wachendorfer, A. Scheidler, M. Ehleringer, R. Schwietermann, J. Bach, L. Monahan, B. Wellman, V. Meagher, R. Rath, M. Helmig, D. Knapke, C. Frerrick C. Fisher, J. Freiburger. M. O'Connor, J. Collins O. Hentges, F. May, H. Grube, J. Weiss, C. Baczkowski, F. Kocks, A. Linnemann, A. Delaney, J. Boeke, H. Froning, A. Knapke, B. Huelsman, F. Mader, A. Bernard, J. Lemper, Wm. Hanley, H. Cooney.

84-90 PER CENT.

C. VanFlandern, E. Werling, F. Theobald, B. Holler, X. Jaeger, L. Huber, E. Flaig, A. McGill, Wm. Flaherty, J. Braun, P. Welsh, A. Koenig, I. Wagner, B. Alt, C. Grubbe, H. Muhler, G. Arnold, E. Cook, J. Dabbelt, T. Hammes, A. Lonsway, B. Quell, A. Schaefer, W. Scheidler, M. Shea, L. Flory, E. Pryor, J. Becker, J. McCarthy. J. Bryan, J. O'Donnell, J. Naughton, J. Quinn, E. Hauk, H. Vonderemsbe, V. Link, C. Lutz, M. Shumacher, Wm. Meiering, H. Darlinghouse, C. Sibold, C. Holthaus, N. Keilman, P. Carlos, H. Heim, J. Lang, C. Ready, J. Burke, R. Otske, J. Rampe. C. Randall.